

# EAST AND WEST SERIES

## AN INTERPRETER OF THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT

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Sri Sri Ma Anandamayee Ashram  
VARANASI.**Behold The Light !**

By T. L. VASWANI

The rishis are not the monopoly of India. The rishis have appeared in all countries and all periods of history. And the rishis speak a common language,—the language of the Spirit. Kant and Goethe were rishis of Germany. Their words are charged with a wisdom which India's rishis sing in the *Upanishads*. Was not Coleridge a rishi, too, of England? Coleridge looked at the universe with wonder-filled eyes. In a passage of beauty and thought, Coleridge points out how gazing at a "flower or a grain of sand" you feel the "presence of a mystery" which fills you "with awe and wonder."

This feeling of a mystery which makes nature a sacred presence grows on you in silence. Therefore did the rishis ask their pupils,—and, indeed, all seekers,—to spend some time every day in silence. The forest-*ashramas*, where the rishis taught their pupils, were beauty-spots where, freed from strain and stress, all would feel the beauty of *shanti*, peace. In the *tapobana*, the hearts at once of the teachers and the taught could easily pass into stillness and quietness.

You are not self-centred in silence. Nor is silence withdrawal from all work or activity. Silence gives a new colour, a fragrance to your life and the life of your community. In silence you learn to make God the centre of your life.

To the students in the *ashramas* was taught the truth that within every *Atman* is an "inward light" that links man with the Eternal. This "inward light" is the "divine spark" whose fulfilment is in union with the Eternal Flame. Therefore has every man in the depths of his being a share in the Life Divine. Therefore, too, the rishis taught, the destiny of every man is to be reunited with God,—our Home.

Between God and the soul are veils. These must go before the *Atman* can pass into the Divine Presence. These veils are the veils of selfishness and sensuality. The rishis gave to their pupils the teaching:—"Be pure!" Purity is *brahmacharya*, is moving in the presence of God.

The tumults of the senses must be stilled and all the "images" of the earth must be hushed before the soul can commune with the Eternal Wisdom. Holy, holy, holy is the Spirit, the Supreme called Brahman : and holy, holy, holy must every one be who would be *mukta*, liberated. In holiness is the secret of true freedom.

To be pure one must accept discipline and control his senses and his mind and heart. One must be pure from the ego as "flame from smoke." Be purified from the lower self, O *jignasu* ! And when he asks:—"Tell me, how?" the answer given by the rishi is:—"Learn in humility and service of your Guru to be a servant of all creatures : for know that they all are children of the one God!"

In one of the *Upanishads*, the rishi says:—

*Wake up ! Hear ye the wisdom  
Ye seek,—at the feet of a Guru, a Master !*



Again:—

*The Atman is not attained by listening to lectures :  
The Atman is realised by him who hath a Guru.  
This realisation awakes in the Heart.*

And again:—

*So, verily, is the Atman that shineth  
In the depths of the Heart  
Known, not by the external senses  
But by the Light of Awakening,  
Which comes from the Word of the Guru !*

In moving words does the rishi plead with the student to aim at liberation,—the true freedom of the *Atman*. Listen:—

“This boat,—thy body,—has been chartered at a heavy price,—the labours and the pains of many births.

“And this body hast thou gained in order to cross over to the other side of this ocean of sin and sorrow.

“Pass on, O pass on, before the boat doth break !”

In another moving passage, the rishi points out to the student with such true and tender love in his heart:—

*O, forget not*

*That this birth is meant for the service of the Atman,  
—the Self Divine !*

*And this, too, forget not*

*That they who do not so make use of this birth  
Go after death to a sphere*

*Where, alas ! no sun doth shine  
But only darkness reigns.*

And again:—

*The Pure in Heart,—*

*They alone do reach the Goal,*

*From which there is no more returning.*

The emphasis in the teaching of the rishis is not on a creed, a rite, a ceremony, on recitation of the scriptures, on book-learning, on outer worship in a temple or shrine but on true life. Listen to the words of a rishi:—

*He who hath not renounced  
The way of vice,  
He who hath not learnt to control himself,  
He whose mind is restless still,—  
He may have garnered all the learning  
In all the libraries of the world,  
But he cannot realise the Self.*

More than once the rishis declare that the Supreme is the Seer of seers, the Light of lights, the “Eternal Light of man.”

This Light is interpreted by the rishis, again and again, as the Light of Truth. The Supreme is the Truth. Than Truth nothing is higher,—says an ancient seer. And students in ancient India were taught to bear witness to Truth in their lives, their activities and aspirations. So the Sufi mystics worshipped God as the Truth (*al-Haqq*). India, then, was truly great. India, then, was the Teacher of the nations. And the people of India, were *ahal al-Haqq*, the people of the Truth, the people of God. Then, indeed, was India a free nation. Jesus rightly said:—“Truth shall make you free!” When will India be truly free again,—a liberated nation,—shining as a star?

This conception of God as the “Light of lights” (*Nur al-anwar*) is the essence at once of the wisdom of the rishis and the gnosis of the mystics of East and West. True it is, the Supreme is beyond



comprehension, beyond knowledge, "beyond the known, beyond the unknown," as a rishi saith. And so the *Upanishads* say of the *Atman*, the Self:—"Neti ! Neti !" "Not grasped!" So doth another rishi declare in words pregnant with deep thought:—

*Unmoving, He moveth not !  
Far away, yet near,  
Within all, yet outside all,  
Is He,—the Atman !*

And we can but meditate on Him in the heart in "silent wonder." And in "silent wonder," in the words of a sacred *Upanishad*, "do the wise see Him, the *Atman*, as the Life flowing in all creatures."

When a *jignasu* asks:—"O Master! where is the Unconditioned to be found?" the rishi answers:—"Everywhere or nowhere!" This, verily, is true. True, also, was what the rishis taught their pupils in the *ashramas* of ancient India:—

*Truth is God,  
And Truth conquers,—  
Truth alone !*

But what is Truth? Who may answer the question in words? What is Truth? Not by lips, not by word of mouth did the rishis answer the question. The rishis taught that the *Atman* transcended speech and mind. And more than once the rishis indicated that the Supreme was silence. The rishis' answer was not in words, not in categories of logic or understanding, but in their life rich in humility and sacrifice, radiant with the Light in whose Divine Presence "I" and "thou" cease to exist,—the Light wherein all are seen to be but pictures of the One.

## **How to Accept Life**

**By MILDRED LONG**

To accept life is one of the hardest lessons we have to learn. It is difficult for us to remember and truly believe these words of Paul the Apostle:—"For we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to them that are called according to His purpose." Perhaps the stumbling block is that our love is not complete and our dedication to His will is not perfect. To accept life offers the supreme test. Job came out of all his troubles saying, "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him."

We think we trust Him. But when sickness comes or disaster strikes, we often find out we are resisting. We are saying, "Why?" and "What for?" We are pleading, "God, take away the pain." It seems to be just human nature to resist what does not please us.

Life has continually forced me into circumstances to test me in this area. Even as I write this, I am again being tested at this point. And I ask myself, "How do I accept?"

If we resist, we are not relaxing. To resist life—whatever it may be—is resisting God. For God is our life. There are many kinds of resistance : anxiety, fear, resentment, bitterness, anger. Even irritation is a form of resistance.

To resist life is to stop the flow of God's action, and it cuts us off from His guidance and power. To relax in the face of difficulty, holding His peace



within, will allow God's spirit to have sway.

Jesus was not disturbed by winds or waves. He had authority because He had peace within.

Before an onslaught, let go, go limp. Let the wave wash over you, and you will come out on the other side unhurt. Refuse to get excited or worried about the problem. Wait a bit in quiet expectancy, expecting some provision for the handling of the situation. Many a word-battle is prevented because one party is silent. Many a problem becomes less of one when met with calmness.

This calmness is one aspect of faith. We need to train our thinking to remember God is always with us, never forsakes us and has infinite resources. Remember I Corinthians 10 : 13:—"For God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tested above that ye are able, but will with the testing make a way of escape that you may be able to bear it." We must cultivate faith in God and in His promises. We can also look back on our lives, most of us, and observe from this side how He brought us through the trial victoriously, or how He blessed us in the accepting of it.

We shall never be quite willing to accept life unless we are fully surrendered to His will, unless we believe His will is love and nothing can come to us except it come through His love. The Psalmist said, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He will bring it to pass." If we really love and trust Him, we will turn the whole matter over to Him and wait for His guidance or His redemption. Then there is no struggle of heart or mind. It is all trust and peace.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to live that way?

Let us see how we can do this.

There is a story of a lady who, because of an accident, seemed to be destined to be a wheelchair invalid. One of her friends sadly remarked, "Well, this will certainly colour the rest of your life." "Yes," she replied smiling, "but I intend to choose the colour."

Pain, sorrow, trouble of some kind come to all of us just because we live in this world. Our attitude toward the circumstance, whatever it is that looks like adversity, is all-important. The late Glenn Clark, one of the masters of the prayer life, said, "Love it; turn it right side up and see only the good in it."

Love it? Love the pain, the anguish, the expense it caused, the loss of work-hours? Love it?

Yes, love it. First, because as a child of God, I am supposed to recognise that nothing comes to me except through His love; that nothing is lost in His economy; that He can turn disaster to triumph, and loss to gain; and that He will do this if we co-operate with His law of life.

Love it because you can use it as a stepping-stone to greater spiritual growth. By giving it over to God, and in the giving, surrendering self completely to know His will in it all, its entire bearing on life can be changed. The road to spiritual heights is like a series of steps toward a goal. It lifts the spirit nearer the blue sky of God's purpose.

Love it because it makes you one with all suffering humanity. Now you understand other people and their problems better. Now you know how to sympathise. But more, you can help the other



person turn his misfortune to advantage because he sees you doing the same.

Love it just because it is, because you love life and you love God. Can any of us say of life, "This is good, I will accept it; and this is bad, I will discard it?" The diamond has a black, rough exterior. Shall we throw it away? The earth contains coal and oil and valuable minerals. Shall we fail to uncover and use these? By faith and hope and love we explore the vicissitudes of life and draw forth jewels of spiritual understanding.

Acceptance means a quiet, trusting dedication to God's will and way. This means appreciating the glories of this world; flowing with the flow of life; attaining harmony with oneself; coming into balance with life's rhythms, such as the ebb and flow of the tides, and the changing of the seasons.

This involves letting God change our sorrows into joy and our failure into success; living in quiet trust, knowing that all is well because we are in God's care; for He said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you."

Love it because it sends you back to God to seek His strength, His infilling, that you may rise above it and become master of circumstances. This is the greatest asset of all. It can lift the soul one step nearer the goal of partaking of the divine nature.

Therefore, let us pray with Glenn Clark:—"Father, we would be wholly, utterly Thine; closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet. We would be filled with Thee, oh Father, that we may give, give, give to the uttermost that Thy glory may be manifest in man."

—*Fellowship in Prayer*

## Pictures And Parables

By T. L. Vaswani

### A Singing Stone

A stone lay in the path Sri Ramananda often trod to take his bath in the Ganges waters. And a disciple picked up the stone and flung it away, saying:—"Thou dead stone! wilt thou obstruct the path of the saint?"

And Kabir said:—"Say not so! Call not this stone dead! The blessed feet of Sri Ramananda have touched it, again and again.

"This stone is not dead. This stone glows with the light emanating from the feet of the saint. This stone is more alive than many whose hearts are cold, irresponsive to the call of love that cometh from the heart of a saint.

"This stone is not dead. It has a heart : it beats in love and reverence for the saint.

"Say not this stone is dead! This stone sings the melody of Sri Ramananda's song of *Rama Nama*.

"Say not this stone is dead! It is dear to the saint as a flower,—a lotus or a rose,—that touches the feet of the saint as he walks, singing *Rama Nama*,—the mystic Name of the Lord!"

### Where Love is, there is God !

Chokha was a poor man. He had deep love for Sri Krishna. They of superior caste drove this poor man out of the Krishna Temple. Chokha went to the other side of the river, and built a little Krishna Mandir (temple).

Chokha was a true servant of the people. He



loved the poor. A wall had to be raised. He worked as a labourer. The wall fell down. He was crushed. Chokha died in the service of the town. But he had passed on his message to some. He did not confound religion with caste. He said:—"God asks of a man not his caste but only if there is love in the man's heart. Lord! grant me love!"

There is a world of thought in these few simple words. The true servants of God and man believe in brotherhood, not caste. In their hearts is love. And where love is, there is God!

### **At the Gate of Heaven**

Yudhishtira of the Great Heart stands before the gate of heaven. And the Angel at the gate tells him:—"Come! Enter thou the heaven!"

Yudhishtira says:—"The dog is with me!"

And the Angel says to Him:—"You must leave the dog behind!"

Yudhishtira says:—"Faithful has been the dog to me : I cannot leave the dog. No, not for the sake of God!

"Come!" says the Angel; "let the beast stand outside. Enter thou!"

Yudhishtira says:—"I cannot enter heaven alone!"

And the dog changes its form : the dog becomes *Dharma* and says to Yudhishtira:—"Well done! Enter thou the highest heaven!"

And into the Kingdom of Krishna man cannot enter alone. Man must receive into his brotherhood both bird and beast. Without their blessings, their association, their comradeship, and without a heart of helpful love, man cannot fulfil his pilgrimage nor enter the highest heaven.

## The New Man

By J. P. VASWANI

I was a college student when first I met him. He looked like a simple villager. His clothes were of coarse, hand-spun *khadar*. His hair was dishevelled, grey. But there was something in his large, luminous eyes and in the smile which played upon his lips that drew me irresistibly to him. And, stopping in my tracks, I continued to gaze at his illumined face. An influence flowed out of him. It enveloped me : I felt like one spell-bound. Unconsciously,—almost mechanically,—I bowed down to touch his feet.

"Never do that, my child!" he said. And lifting me up, he enfolded me in a warm embrace. His voice was musical as the song of a flute.

After that, I met him, again and again. If on a particular day, I could not see him, I felt I had missed something. I thought of him often during the day. And, not unoften, he visited me at night, in my dreaming.

"Who are you?" I asked him, one day.

He answered:—"I am a wayfarer, a pilgrim to the Beloved's shrine. I am a seeker on the road of Love!"

"Whom do you seek?"

"I seek Him who rejoices in playing the game of hide and seek with those that love Him! He is the Ever-revealed and the Ever-hidden one."

One day, as we were walking through the market-place of the town, he said to me:—"Look!



men are busy buying and selling things which are no better than trash! And they look so wise! Alas! they are forgetful of the richest treasures of life,—the diamonds of the Life Divine!”

On another occasion, he said to me:—“He amongst men is a fool who does not realise the value of the human birth. We have been born as men not without a purpose.”

“What is that purpose?” I asked.

“To seek God,” he answered. “To seek Him by day and by night,—to seek Him without ceasing! In your silence and song, in your thoughts and aspirations, in your work and worship, seek Him without whom life is a meaningless muddle. If you go out for a walk, seek Him. If you return home, seek Him. If you go to the market-place, seek Him. If you enter a tea-shop, seek Him. If death comes to claim your body, do not give up your seeking, but say to him:—‘Brother Death, do your work : I shall do mine!’ If you have to stay in a slum, let not the discomfort stand in the way of your seeking. If you have to dwell in a palace, let not its luxuries lure you away from seeking. Though you are offered the kingship of all the world, refuse to have it, if it will not lead you on in your seeking!”

“How may I seek Him?” I asked.

“He may not be sought by the senses,” he answered. “He may not be reached by the mind,—as smell may not be reached by hearing nor colour by touch! Beyond the senses and beyond the intellection you must go. The senses must be indrawn : the mind must be silenced. The clamour of desires and appetites must depart.

Then may you make progress on the Way of seeking."

One day, I brought him a copy of my *Bhagavad Gita* and requested him to write a few simple words which may be to me a guide to living. This is what he wrote:—

*Arise ! Awake !  
And walk the Homeward way !*

[2]

What is it to arise? What is it to awake?

A friend of mine had a fall from a running bus. He dropped down unconscious. He was immediately removed to the Civil Hospital. He had been injured in the brain. The doctors did all they could for him : his many friends prayed for his early recovery. He did not come round. For seven days and seven nights, he lay thus, lingering between life and death. Then, on the morning of the eighth day, he stirred a little.

The nurse who was by his side exclaimed:—"Thank God! He is waking up!"

My friend opened his eyes, then looked this way and that and said:—"Where am I? This is *not* my home!"

This, too, is the cry of him who wakes up in this world of *maya* (appearances). He looks around and exclaims:—"Where am I? This is *not* my Home!"

Such a man becomes a seeker. He sets out in search of his lost Homeland. The pleasures of the world, its honours and power and glory no longer attract him. He has seen through the



emptiness of all that the world can give. He is no longer happy with the world and its trappings. The treasures that are laid up here on earth have lost their glamour for him. His hidden soul is awake. He has embarked upon a new adventure,—the greatest ever known to man. He has set out on the soul's journey to the City of Union. And the one repeated questioning of his heart is:—"Where is my Homeland? Where?"

This idea of the Homeland of the soul is at the root of every true religious experience. It is the uniting bond of all religions. All the Prophets and Sages and Saints of different faiths and countries have raised the cry:—"Back to the Homeland! Why wander ye afar?"

The tragedy of most of us, earth-bound creatures, is even this, that we live in forgetfulness of the Homeland. We forget that we are here as sojourners, travellers in an inn, that our stay on earth is all too brief, that we have to speed on in our quest of the Unknown God. This world, in which we think we own properties,—which we acquire, not unoften, by robbing others, and for which we give our life-blood,—is only a transit camp. What happens to the properties after we are gone?

This world of darkness and death, where men suffer and women weep, is not my Homeland. This world is a world of separation, where men lead sordid, selfish lives. Each thinks he is separate from his fellow-men. Each wishes to grab as much as he can and keep it to himself.

Our patriotisms are narrow, exclusive, nationalistic. They sow the seeds of war among nations.

If only men of different nations and races had a recollection of the lost Homeland, all strife would cease and wars would become a painful memory of a barbaric age.

"What is your homeland?" they asked Dadaji (Sri T. L. Vaswani), when India had been "partitioned." At that time Dadaji stayed in Pakistan : and the atmosphere both in Pakistan and India was charged with thoughts of hatred and suspicion, jealousy and fear.

What was Dadaji's answer? "My Homeland," he quietly said, "is God!"

### [ 3 ]

The life of the awakened man is marked, among others, by these three things :—(1) repentance; (2) compassion; and (3) communion.

Awakening begins with repentance. "Repentance" means "turning back." The man who wakes up is startled by the discovery that all his years have been wasted in vain. He has thrown away his all too precious time in wild pursuits of wealth and comfort and power, of fame and honour,—shadow-shapes which come and go. May be, he has spent his time in sinful activity. He has strayed far from Home. When he wakes up, he knows that the very first thing he has to do is to retrace his steps, to turn back, to become new. He must turn back from a life of sin : he must turn back from slavery to creature comforts. He must turn back from his lower self of desires and appetites. He must go a step further and turn back from this world and the next (the heaven-world). He must turn to God alone.



This may not be easy at first. For, though a man may intensely long to live the new life, old *sanskaras* hold him back. Their force must be broken before he can walk with firm footsteps. Until this happens, he should not feel disappointed if, in spite of his best efforts, he stumbles and falls. But after every fall he should rise and, with redoubled zeal, press on to the Goal! A saint of God, relating the experiences of his early life, said:—"I turned back seventy times and failed each time : but my seventy-first turning was blessed by God, and I failed no more!"

Repentance does not mean living in constant memory of past transgressions and eternally feeling ashamed of them. True repentance is *forgetting* past misdeeds, is *cleansing* the heart of all blots so that it becomes as pure and stainless as it was before the sins were committed.

If the butterfly remembered its contemptible past, it would continue to be earth-bound : it would be unable to spread its wings and fly in joy. Past mistakes belong to the past. If God's grace gives me a fresh start, why must I look back to a burdensome past? Let me move on as a runner on the road who, whenever he stumbles and falls, soon rises and speeds on to his goal!

True repentance flowers into humility. Without humility no man may make progress on the pilgrim path. The path is strewn with the bones of egotists. Beware, O seeker! If you would tread the path, be humble as dust! Avoid the trap of ego-centricity, else will you perish on the way, and there will be none to shed a single tear for you!

All self-conceit and false self-respect must be abandoned by him who would be a seeker on the path. He must keep away from all controversy and discussion,—more so, in the name of religion. He must rejoice in belonging to the rank of the defeated ones. “I am nothing,” the seeker says; “I am the lowliest of the low.”

This was the teaching which Jiva Goswami received, in the years of his youth, from his two saintly uncles,—Rupa and Sanatana. They were great scholars : they were ministers in the court of the Muslim King of Bengal. They came under the influence of Sri Chaitanya : their lives were changed. They renounced their wealth and positions of power and became homeless wanderers in quest of the Eternal Krishna. They lived as recluses in the Holy Land of Brindaban. They ate but once a day what was offered them in their begging-bowls. They slept in the open, underneath the trees, for no longer than two hours each night. And they spent their time in meditation and *kirtan*, in service of the poor and in communion with Krishna. To their nephew, Jiva Goswami, they taught the truth that humility was the foundation of the Life Divine. Avoid argumentation and discussion, they said to him. In argumentation is heat : and heat is pride.

There comes to Brindaban, one day, a Pandit who is proud of his scholarship : his name is Rupanarayana Saraswati. He has travelled to many parts of India and vanquished veteran scholars in public debates. The fame of Rupa and Sanatana has reached his ears and he is eager to gain victory over them. He challenges them



to a free discussion on a subject of their choice. Meekly, they answer that they are not fit to enter into disputation with one like Rupanarayana, "a young lion of scholarship." Inflated with pride, the Pandit says to them:—"Then you must give me a *jayapatra*,—an unconditional declaration of your defeat at my hands."

Readily, the two holy men write down the very words the Pandit dictates and affix their signatures to the "letter of victory."

Delighted at his easy triumph, the haughty Pandit takes the letter to Jiva Goswami. Jiva is still a young man : he is offended at the humiliation which the Pandit has heaped upon his saintly uncles. He accepts the challenge of the arrogant Pandit : and on the bank of the Jamuna River a keen debate takes place. For five days both sides hold their own. On the sixth day, Rupanarayana appears to lose ground. On the seventh day, he accepts defeat. *Bhakti* (love, devotion) has triumphed over *gnana* (knowledge)!

Rupanarayana is humbled. His pride has left him. As he thinks of his impudent attitude towards the two saintly souls, his eyes are touched with tears. He goes to them and, falling at their feet, begs forgiveness.

Jiva is happy that he has vindicated the honour of his uncles. Imagine his discomfiture on receiving a strong admonition from Rupa! "I shall have nothing to do with you!" says Rupa to Jiva. "You have disgraced the name of *sanyasa*. The true *sanyasi* is he who conquers anger and pride. No one who takes joy in humiliating another has a right to dwell in Brindaban, the blessed abode of

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BANARAS

the Lord! No longer can you stay here. You must leave Brindaban!"

In obedience, Jiva leaves Brindaban and stays in a small hut on the outskirts of the Holy Land. For a whole year he lives thus, shedding tears of repentance, speaking to no one, speaking alone to himself:—"O Jiva! when will you become humble as dust? When will you become patient and forbearing as a tree which gives fruit when struck by stones?"

After a year, when he has grown in the true spirit of humility, Jiva receives pardon from Rupa and is permitted to set foot on the Holy Land of Brindaban.

#### [ 4 ]

The heart that is humble and contrite is filled with God's healing Light. It becomes a source of blessing to multitudes. Compassion flows out of it to all men of all races and religions,—more specially to sinners and outcastes, to the fallen and forsaken ones. His compassion moves out to birds and animals, to trees and flowers, to rocks and running brooks.

The awakened man realises that the shortest path to God lies straight through sorrowing hearts. "I am my brother's keeper!" he says to himself. And his brothers are all who suffer and are in need of help,—men and birds and animals. The awakened man becomes a channel of God's mercy. God takes him up and through him works His miracles, every day. There is no limit to what such a man can accomplish. He becomes a



sanctuary of the weary and the heavyladen. He becomes a spring of sweet, refreshing waters in the deserts of this world.

The secret of all his work is communion with God. In silence he sits and communes in love with Him who is the Lord of Love. To Him he clings : and as he clings, the Life of God,—the Life Divine,—flows into his heart, and he becomes an Image of God,—a co-worker in His creative Plan. Nothing is impossible to God, and nothing is impossible to the awakened man!

Before this happens, he must pass through a period of intense discipline. He must cleanse his heart of all creaturely affections. He must sit in silence and learn what it is to forget and lose oneself for the love of God. He must pass through "the dark night of the soul." He weeps till his eyes become sore. He cries till his voice becomes hoarse:—"Hide not Thy Face from me, Beloved!" He becomes as a child who cannot live without its mother. As a trusting child, he bravely accepts everything as coming from God, be it joy or sorrow.

How often do we not repeat the sacred formula :—"God's will be done"? Yet, if at any time God's will runs counter to our wishes, we pray with all our might and mien that God's will be subjected to ours. If good fortune greets us, we rejoice and bless God's Name and declare out of the fullness of happy hearts:—"God's Will be done!" If ill luck dogs our footsteps, we droop as faded flowers and call upon God to remove our difficulties.

Not so the awakened man. If he is afflicted with pain, he says:—"It is God's Will!" If his

dear one is snatched away from him, he does not regret, but out of a trusting, grateful heart declares:—"It is God's Will!"

A *sadhu* sat underneath a leafy tree on a bank of the river Ganges, lost in meditation. His face shone as molten gold.

The king of Banaras passed by. He saw the *sadhu's* face lit up by an unearthly glow. Dismounting from his horse, he drew near to the *sadhu*. The *sadhu's* eyes were closed and a strange calm sat on his face.

The king called out to the *sadhu*, but the *sadhu* did not stir. He sat motionless and serene, lost in the rapture of some ecstasy.

The king called out, again and again and still again. There was no answer. The king's pride was wounded. He lost his temper and, in a fit of anger, shook the holy body.

The *sadhu* opened his eyes : there was compassion in them. They were free from the least trace of impatience or anger.

"Who are you? And what is your name?" the king asked in an arrogant voice.

Meekly answered the *sadhu*:—"I aspire to be a servant of the Beloved!"

"What is it that you teach?" asked the king.

And the *sadhu* said:—"Compassion to all creatures on earth and child-like faith which greets all that happens with the words:—"God's Will be done!" "

The king laughed an arrogant laugh, and said:—"Let me see, O *sadhu*, how you accept everything as coming from God!"

Then the king did something over which his



ancestors must have wept in the heaven-world and for which his descendents must feel eternally ashamed. Unsheathing his sword, the king cut off the *sadhu's* left hand.

Out of his parted lips, the *sadhu* said:—"God's Will be done!"

Not satisfied, the king cut off the *sadhu's* right hand.

Again did the *sadhu* say:—"God's Will be done!"

The *sadhu's* left foot was severed : and his right foot met the same fate. But the *sadhu* said, again and again:—"God's Will be done! God's Will be done!"

The king was astonished. He had never seen such a man before. Ashamed, the king looked at the *sadhu* in sheer wonder.

And the *sadhu* said:—"O king! the faith I hold is not hid in my hands and feet. It is a part of the Imperishable Self that I am. And though every limb of my body be cut into pieces, yet will my faith not leave me. But every piece will still declare to you the faith of my soul:—"God's Will be done!'" "

This is an essential mark of the truly awakened man, the new man. His will is blended with the Will of God : his mind is become the Mind of God : he lives and moves and has his being in God. Then it is that God's bounty and blessedness, God's mercy and goodness become his bounty and blessedness, his mercy and goodness. And as such an one walks the ways of men, they look at him in wonder and exclaim:—"Behold, God walks the earth!"

## **Sayings of Swami Rama Tirtha**

When you are centred in love, all miracles become possible.

\*

A man who has never loved can never realize God ! That is a fact.

\*

Love is the only Divine Law. Other laws are organised robbery. Love alone has the right to break laws.

\*

An unmarried man cannot so easily realise as one who is, and leads family life in the right way.

\*

Happy is he who is drowned in heavenly intoxication.

\*

Desire is a disease; it keeps you in a state of suspense.

\*

Have you a doubt as to your own Divine Self ? You had better have a bullet in your heart than a doubt there.

\*

It is our selfish restlessness that spoils all our work.

\*

Just sing, just chant Om, and while chanting it, put your whole heart into it, put all your energies into it, put your whole soul into it, put all your strength in realising it.



## Book Reviews

By "PIYA"

**THE MYSTICAL 'I' :** by Joel S. Goldsmith. Pub. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London (Available with Blackie and Son (India) Ltd., Bombay-1). Pp 145. Price £2.75.

"All paths lead to Me," says the Lord. And in this beautiful book, the great and humble teacher of the Infinite Way, Joel Goldsmith, discusses one of the many pathways to God.

All evil is rooted in a sense of separation from God. The book expounds the fact that God is not something external. God is the 'I', the 'I am' which is waiting patiently for each individual on earth to permit 'It' to enter and renew the present state of our consciousness.

Two comments from the book:—"It is necessary that you accept God as the Divine Intelligence of this universe, and not seek to inform, tell or advice It. Rather be still, and know that 'I' at the centre of your being am God." "In order to know Him aright, you must come to a place of unknowing in consciousness where you know nothing."

This new book by the famous lecturer, spiritual leader and guide, who has been called to Higher Life, will be welcomed by many of his students and admirers.

A wonderful book,—every line of which is worth quoting.

**PATTERNS OF INDIAN THOUGHT :** by John B. Chethimattam. Pub. Orbis Books, Mary Knoll, New York. Pp. 172, Price \$ 4.95.

The author emphasises the truth that no one religion is the best and that all religions have their own mode of explaining the same Truth and interpreting values. The book offers an interpretation of a number of religions and traditional thought-patterns found in India and their interaction and effect on one another.

India is the mother of many cultures. In India have met together different cultures and religions, including the Aryan culture, Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Sikhism, Islam and

Christianity. The author, therefore, believes that among the nations of the world India alone is mature enough to harmonise world conflicts in religion.

Concluding the epilogue, the author says that "human hearts will draw closer when men discuss, not their differences and past grievances, but their common problems and common tasks towards building up a future which does not discriminate between East and West."

**A SUFI SAINT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY :** by Martin Lings. Pub. George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London ( Available with Blackie & Son ( India ) Ltd., Bombay-1). Pp. 242. Price £3.50.

This book is a revised and enlarged edition of *A Moslem Saint of the Twentieth Century*. It is divided into three parts. The first part records the author's picturesque impressions of a truly spiritual man,—Shaikh Ahmad Al-Alawi. The Shaikh's personality, his Christ-like face, courteous manners and broadmindedness caught the fancy of the author on his very first visit to the Algerian saint. The second and the third parts are devoted to a study of Sufism.

The spiritual heritage and legacy of the Sufi saint are described in beautiful words. When asked, "What is the point of prayer?" the Shaikh replied:—"In principle you are right. Prayer is superfluous when one is in direct communication with God. But it helps those who aspire to this communication and have not yet reached it."

In the last chapter are given selections from the Shaikh's mystic poems. And in the earlier chapter are given some of his aphorisms, two of them being:—"Whosoever seeketh God through another than himself will never attain unto God." And "neither abandon thy soul, nor oppose it, but go along with it and search it for what is in it."

An original book, which will be read with profit by students of Sufism.

**A TIME TO SPEAK :** by B. C. Butler. Pub. Mayhew Mc Crimmon, Southend-on-Sea, England. Pp. 209. Price £1.25.

Born in a staunch Anglo-Catholic family, B. C. Butler later became a Roman Catholic and Bishop related to the highest ministry of the Church. Since his very childhood



he had a religious bent of mind and possessed a strong inquiring nature with a keen desire for experience which he maintained throughout his life.

In *A Time to Speak*, Bishop Butler gives us a candid account of his long, distinguished life. "It is the story of the journey of a brilliant mind through the problems, anguishes, joys, friendships, decisions, chaos and ultimately the tranquillity which are life." His opinions are candid : his utterances are thoughtful. Addressing the Second Vatican Council, he said:—"I suppose we in the Council are the scribes and pharisees of the present day ..... Meanwhile, the real work of the Council is being done by the prayers of Christ's little ones and their unnoticed sufferings."

**THE SUPREME MASTER** (Sri Akkalkot Maharaj) : by E. Bharadwaja. Pub. E. Bharadwaja, Vidyanagar, Gudur Tq., Nellore Dt. (A. P.). Pp. 95. Price Rs. 2.75.

The book gives an account of the life and teaching of the Saint of Akkalkot, more popularly known as "Sri Swami Samardh." A number of incidents have been described wherein Sri Swami Samardh revealed his yogic powers alike to unbelievers and yogis.

When asked who he was, the Swami answered:—"What is it to you whether I am a *siddha purusha* or someone else?" On another occasion, in answer to the same question, he said:—"This infinite universe am I, I am everywhere."

An interesting book.

**50 KEY WORDS : COMPARATIVE RELIGION** : by Eric. J. Sharpe. Pub. Lutterworth Press, London. Pp. 85. Price 65 pence.

In this book, historical and analytical explanations of selected basic words,—from Ancestor-worship and Animism to Witchcraft and Worship,—are given to introduce readers to a study of religions,—traditional and modern. An objective study of the words has been made to elaborate and clarify the meanings of the terms chosen. "Prayer" is defined as the "means by which an individual or group attempts to enter into verbal or mental communication with a deity." And "mysticism" is the "immediate experience of a divine-human relationship" and, in particular, the experience of "oneness with the divine."

A useful book, as it gives a good fundamental account of the key words common to the world's religions.

**20TH CENTURY PROPHET** : by John Mc Nicol. Pub. P. W. Publishing House, Eastbourne, Sussex, U. K. Pp. 172. Price £1.25.

"What will it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul?" asked Jesus. And Dr. Tatford, the "20th century Prophet," believes that "nothing in this world is comparable to the value of the soul."

A man of sterling character and strong convictions, Dr. Fedrick Tatford is an enlightened preacher, evangelist and prophet, who has travelled all over the world to preach the Word of God, the message that has appealed to young and old alike.

Throughout the book, there are splashes of interesting real-life incidents and a tinge of humour which makes the book lively.

**HEADLINES FOR GOD** : by John Stephenson. Pub. Mayhew-Mc Crimmon Ltd., Great Wakering, Essex, U. K. Pp. 94. Price 60 pence.

A book of meditations, based mostly on newspaper headlines, inviting the reader to pray about the present-day world, "the world of violence and the permissive society, the world of road, rail and air accidents, of protest, pollution and strikes." The author brings God right into the lives of the common man by suggesting prayers and formal readings from different scriptures for common everyday happenings.

This illustrated slim volume is worth its value.

**HOW THE TAROT SPEAKS TO MODERN MAN** : by Theodor Laurence. Pub. Stackpole Books, Cameron and Kelker Streets, Harrisburg, Pa. 17105, U. S. A., Pp. 216. Price \$6.50.

The book is an attempt to elucidate in simple language the vital message of the Tarot so that it is easily understood by the common man and is no longer the monopoly of occultists, mystics, and egyptologists. The book is dedicated "to the end that man should no longer see as through a glass darkly."



## Conquer Death !

By T. L. VASWANI

Blessed are they that have conquered death. They sleep no more but are awake throughout the ages !

So live that thou mayst be the death of death.

Aspire ! Be not anxious ! Fear not death ! Death is anxious to catch man. So Yama has been called *Chintaram* ( Lord of Anxiety ). But thou art a child of the Immortal. Dare, then, to die to sin and win thy freedom.

All sin and suffering have but one source,—man's denial of his own divinity. Declare it in thy life and conquer death !

When thou diest to death, then is there within thee the rebirth of the Immortal. And to them that are thus reborn belongs the Kingdom of *ananda* ( joy ).

Loneliness is death. To conquer death is to conquer loneliness, to stand fearless when alone, to believe in the sun even while standing in the midst of darkness, to have faith in the light beyond the night.

Die to the body and die to the mind ! This double death will conquer death. Death of the body is crucifixion of the flesh. Death of the mind is annihilation of the ego.

Learn to break thy body and rebuild it in beauty, light and love, and thou wilt step into the Temple of the Lord !

## News And Notes

By "GULSHAN"

### Janmashtami

The sacred Janmashtami,—the day which celebrates the birth of the Lord, Sri Krishna,—fell on the 10th of August. It was celebrated in a fitting manner at the Mira Campus. Students of the different Mira Schools spoke on the life and teachings of the Lord. There were competitions in recitations from the Gita. On the evening of the ninth, students enacted beautiful and inspiring scenes from the life of Sri Krishna before a huge gathering. The programme also included *akhand path* of the *Nuri Granth*, recitations from various scriptures, kindling of the sacred *havan* fire, and above all, *yagna* in which hundreds of needy sisters were given cloth and help in cash, and service of *Daidra Narayana*.

In a recorded speech which was listened to with rapt attention, Beloved Dada (Sri T. L. Vaswani) said:—"The world, alas! worships power-politics, and wanders from violence to violence. Krishna's great word is,—compassion. Is not our urgent need, today, a new renaissance of compassion?"

### Sant Kirpalsingh

On receipt of the news of the passing on of Sant Kirpalsingh, the Founder of the Ruhani Satsang, New Delhi, and the President of the World Fellowship of Religions, Sri Gangaram Sajandas, Secretary, Brotherhood Association, and Brother J. P. Vaswani sent the following telegram:—

"Grieve not! Sant Kirpalsingh hath ascended to Kripadham,—the realm of grace,—where he abides at the Lotus feet of the Satguru he loved and served so well. Deep as an ocean, firm as a rock, tender and compassionate as a Boddhisatva, may his life continue to inspire generations unborn! Homage to this humble, holy man of God!"

Tributes of love and reverence were paid to Santji at the Fellowship Meeting (*Satsang*) on the evening of the 22nd. The poor were fed in the sacred memory on the 23rd.



## **The First of August**

The 1st of August,—sacred to the memories of Lokamanya Tilak and Jamshed Nusserwanji,—was observed at the Mira Institutions.

Principal J. P. Vaswani spoke of Lokamanya Tilak as a prophet of *shakti* and of Jamshed Nusserwanji as a prophet of the poor. He passed on to the students the daily prayer of Jamshed:—"Lord, make me useful, make me harmless, make me pure, and make me a channel of Thy love!"

## **Raksha Bandhan**

Women, young and old, flocked to the Mira Campus on the 3rd of August, to tie their colourful *rakshas* round the wrists of Beloved Dadaji's statue.

"Thus I tie the *raksha* round thy wrist. May the protection afforded by it be eternal," murmured the sisters, and as the numerous amulets adorned the wrists of Beloved Dadaji's statue, their joy was inexplicable, their happiness unsurpassed.

## **Dada Yagna**

On August 14, Dada Yagna day, hundreds of needy sisters received beautiful plastic buckets, potatoes, onions, sugar, tea, match-boxes, etc. These needy sisters and several others, including hundreds of the poor people received prasad (cooked rice and vegetables),—all contributed by the devotees of Beloved Dadaji. The programme also included *akhand path* of the *Guru Granth Sahib*, *Nam-kirtan prakirma* and kindling of the sacred *havan* fire.

The Yagna has been a monthly feature of the Brotherhood Association ever since Beloved Dadaji dropped his physical body, in January, 1966, and is a source of blessing to hundreds of poor people.

## **Trip to Nigeria**

Sri Gangaram Sajandas, the enthusiastic Secretary of our parent body, the Brotherhood Association, and a close associate of Beloved Dada, intends to visit Nigeria and other African countries in September, to spread Beloved Dada's message and enlist the support of friends. May his trip be abundantly blessed!

## **Sadhu Hiranand : The Man Who Lived For Others**

The 14th of July is celebrated, year after year, as the

day sacred to the memory of one who lived only to bring happiness and joy into the lives of as many as he could.

"True men and women are they who cultivate the soul. They live not for themselves alone but for others. Such a one was Sadhu Hiranand. There is a music in his memory and a fragrance in his name. During his brief span of life (1863-1893), he lit up a light which continues to burn till today." Thus observed Principal J. P. Vaswani in his address to the students of St. Mira's College.

"The secret of Sadhu Hiranand's life was in one word,—sacrifice! For him, to live was to serve!" added Principal J. P. Vaswani.

The students paid tributes to Sadhu Hiranand in the form of speeches and poems in Hindi and English, relating inspiring incidents from his life.

Earlier, Beloved Dadaji, in his message for the day, through *The Life Beautiful*, told us that "Sadhu Hiranand practised renunciation,—in joy! With joy he went to serve the patients in the hospital. With joy he served the cholera-stricken patients and healed them. With joy he met poor women and widows to help them. With joy he nursed his dear daughter, until he himself caught the fatal fever and died at the early age of thirty." Sadhu Hiranand believed that knowledge is for social ends. He continues to inspire and bless us from behind the veil.

The poor were fed on July 14 and the students of St. Mira's Schools and College distributed fruits among the poor patients in the children's ward of the Sassoon Hospital.

### **A Prophet of Iran**

Days sacred to the heroes and prophets of all faiths and countries are celebrated in the Mira Educational Institutions and the *satsang*. The 9th of July was sacred as the martyrdom day of Bāb, the first Prophet of the Baha'i Faith. Principal J. P. Vaswani, in his address to the students of St. Mira's College, paid a touching tribute to the Bāb who, clothed in humble garbs, went about with eyes of compassion and love, doing good to all. He became a martyr at the early age of 31. The Bāb, Principal Vaswani said, was an immortal youth, a revelation of God's mercy to mankind.





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